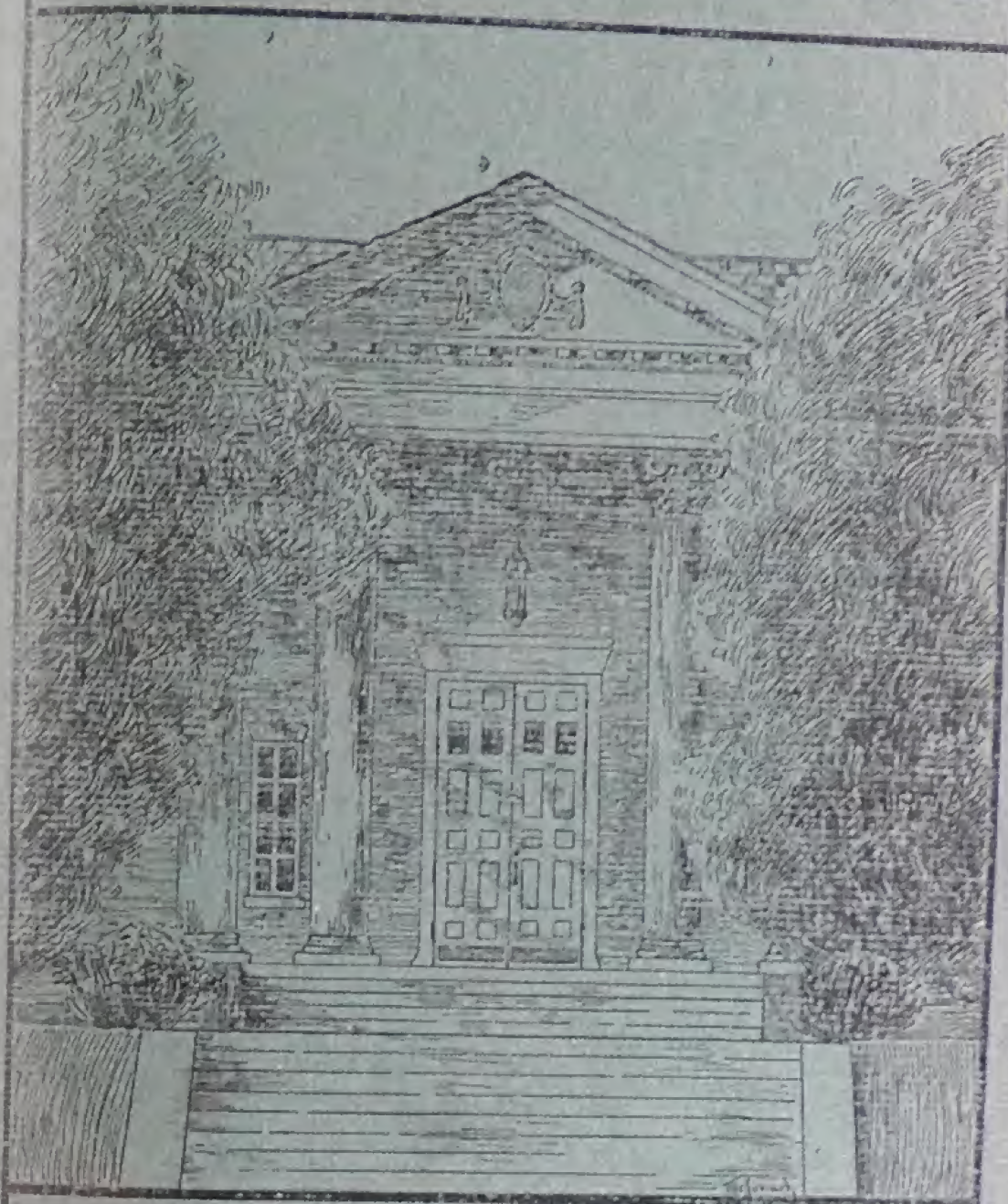


*The*  
Frances Shimer Record



APRIL 1930





## Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

### FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO \_\_\_\_\_ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within \_\_\_\_\_ months after my decease.

### FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

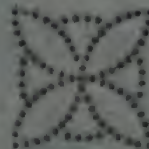
also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

• • • • •

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE SHIMER-DEMOCRAT PRINT, 875 CARRINGTON







WILLIAM PARKER MCKEE



# The Frances Shimer Record

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Mount Carroll, Illinois, April, 1930

NUMBER 1

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### "WHEN EVENING SHUTS"

This number of the RECORD is dedicated primarily to President McKee who is resigning in June after many years of unusually faithful and efficient service. Elsewhere, we are giving a brief history of the school during his leadership and we have included a tribute of affection from Mrs. Dunshee, a fellow townswoman who served many years as a trustee.

However, we wish to add a tribute of our own. It seems to us that William Parker McKee has many qualities which deserve consideration and which our generation may well emulate.

In the first place, President McKee has concentrated his energies upon thinking rather than upon talking. He has been called reserved and retiring. Nevertheless, he has been keenly conscious of the life about him and a close observer of all its details. When he has spoken, whether in chapel talks or in orders to his co-workers, everyone has listened to words which have expressed his meaning too concisely and exactly to allow of any misunderstanding. He has been a man of few words but with the ability to say the essential thing as it should be said.

Secondly, he has had the ability to save money. In this day of reckless spending and much talk of keeping money in circulation to help business, saving has lost prestige. But it is still a virtue. It is, therefore, no small thing to record that only twice during the last thirty-three years has Frances Shimer gone behind financially,—the first year of this period and the year of the fire. Few schools can state, as this school can, that many buildings and improvements have been paid for by the careful management of funds actually earned by the school.

Furthermore, President McKee has been a man of decision. He has been able to survey a situation, to make up his mind about it, and then to keep his own counsel. Once he has spoken, there has been no attempt to argue him into a change of view. There has been rather a sincere desire



to follow his directions as carefully as possible.

If this characterization seems somewhat austere, it is only because we have given space to some virtues rather than to others. We may only mention the keen sense of humor which turned many an unpleasant situation into a pleasant one by a witty remark at just the right moment. Nor may we dwell upon that kindly sympathy which made students delight in his readings of James Whitcomb Riley's poems. There is the knowledge, likewise, of his comradeship with his children and of his gallant devotion to his wife.

All in all, the life service of President McKee has left an impression upon Frances Shimer School second only to that of its founder. In fact, the school as it has been since the fire of 1906 is very largely his own creation and a monument to his careful planning. It is with a sense of real loneliness that we think of beginning in September 1930 without him. We wish him peace and happiness during those years so beautifully described by Robert Browning:

*"For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray;  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day'."*

#### AN EASTER MEDITATION

Today I walked alone near a river picking violets—each little purple flower adding its bit to the colorful mass. One violet dropped from my hand and lay upon the grass at my feet. It looked so alone and useless that it impressed me as being hurt. To be plucked by a great creature and then dropped after its long time of growing! To bring its beauty into the world and then to be kept from fulfilling its purpose as the other violets that I held! It made me feel as if I were to blame for something.

Then, as I stooped to pick up the violet again, I thought of God placing a human being here for a purpose and helping him to grow. Is death to be his end? Is he to be thrown aside like this violet? Certainly there is a purpose to be fulfilled and death is not the end. Surely God would not go to the effort necessary to produce a life only to cast it aside in its blooming time.

Marguerite Uhlenhopp, College '31.



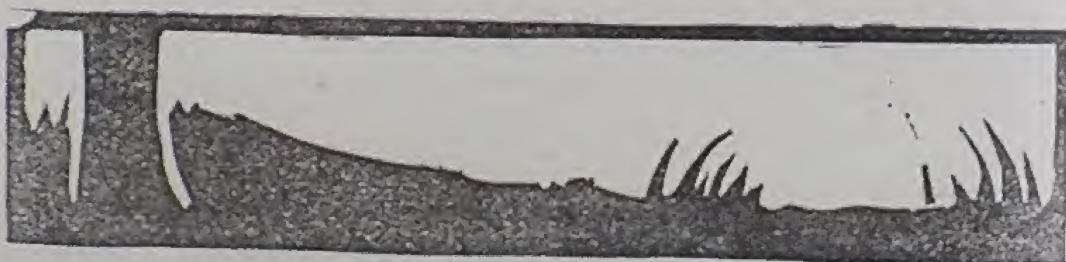
### THWARTED

A little wind is teasing as it murmurs through the pines,  
A little road is begging with its lovely turns and winds.  
My gypsy blood is leaping;—the very soul of me  
Is crying out, "Run far away! Go out alone! Be free!

Time is short, the world is fair, and there is much to do.  
Adventures, strange and wonderful, are waiting just for you.  
Golden deserts, unexplored; mountains jutting high;  
Waters deep and black and calm, beneath a star-lit sky;

Cities old and beautiful; highlands wild and free;  
Dazzling days, and mystic nights,—all are yours to see!"  
But little wind and little road, I cannot follow you  
To see the world. I must stay here, for I have work to do.

Helen E. Swenson, College '30.





## THE PLAIN FACTS

Thirty-three years ago Mrs. Shimer transferred the school at Mt. Carroll to a Board of Trustees including President Harper and other representatives of the University of Chicago, citizens of Mt. Carroll, and members of the alumnae. William Parker McKee, at that time pastor of Olivet Baptist church of Minneapolis, was called to be the head.

Mr. McKee belongs to a family of Scotch people who came to America from the north of Ireland in 1642. About 1810 they settled in Edgar County, Illinois, where they took up government land. For the most part, they continued to be farmers. However, Mr. McKee's father was a clergyman,—Reverend Melvin McKee. His mother was Hattie Parker McKee,—her family, likewise, dating back into the colonial history of the country.

William Parker McKee took his A. B. degree at Wabash College in 1883 and his B. D. degree from the Baptist Union Theological Seminary in 1887. During the years 1893-97, he was a Graduate Student of History in the University of Minnesota, and received his A. M. degree from there. A second divinity degree was taken from the University of Chicago in 1897. From 1887 to 1897 Mr. McKee was pastor of Olivet Baptist Church, Minneapolis.

At the time of Mr. McKee's arrival in Mt. Carroll in 1897, the school was housed in one large three-story building which served as administration hall, recitation building, dining hall and dormitory. It was originally of a modest size; but as occasion demanded, Mrs. Shimer had added wings until the edifice covered considerable space. Dearborn Hall was erected six years after his arrival and named in honor of the head of the Department of Music, Mrs. Isabel Dearborn Hazen. In 1905, Mrs. Hattie Hathaway Le Pelley, a trustee of the school, gave liberally toward the erection of Hathaway Hall, named in honor of her sister, a member of the Class of 1869.

On February 9, 1906, fire destroyed the buildings except Dearborn and Hathaway. The morning after the fire, local friends contributed and by the following year West Hall had been built. The next year Metcalf was built largely by funds given by a friend and trustee, Dr. Henry S. Metcalf. A gift of ten thousand dollars from Andrew Carnegie was also used in this undertaking. At intervals of a few years other buildings were erected,—College Hall in 1909, the Power Plant in 1911, the School Infirmary in 1913, Science Hall in 1914, William Parker McKee Hall in 1922, the Campbell Memorial Library in 1925, Winona Branch Sawyer House in 1926, and the Gymnasium and Swimming Pool in 1929.

For many years Mr. McKee maintained a relation of close friendship with the late Dr. Harper, President of the University of Chicago whom he had known first in Morgan Park Theological Seminary where Dr. Harper was professor of Hebrew. This friendship made the relations of Frances Shimer School and the University of Chicago very close and much inspiration came to the teachers and students through visits from Dr. Harper and members of his faculty.



Shortly after coming to Mt. Carroll, Mr. McKee married Florence Turney of the Class of '94 who was at that time an instructor in the school. She has been throughout a woman of exceeding poise and charm combined with tact and judgment. She has held a place of respect and affection in the hearts of all Frances Shimer graduates to whom she has been an example of true womanliness.

Grace Reynolds, College '31.

#### A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKEE

It was my privilege as a member of the Board of Trustees of Frances Shimer School to be associated with Mr. William P. McKee for over thirty years, and thus I have learned much of his fine characteristics as a Christian gentleman and of his high ideals.

He came to Mount Carroll to take charge of the school when it was burdened with debt, and every day the burden grew. The prospect was far from encouraging, but he assumed the responsibility and under his careful management there was a steady improvement,—debts were provided for, buildings were erected and prospects became encouraging.

Then disaster came shattering our bright hopes when on the morning of February 9, 1906, fire swept the campus clean of all the buildings but two. In this dark hour Mr. McKee's courage shone brightest and inspired his co-workers to renewed efforts. Confidence in his business ability was demonstrated by our citizens and friends of the School.

The scenes on the campus soon changed. Students came from all directions and buildings were erected for their accommodation until to-day there stands as a monument to Mr. McKee who has devoted his best years to this end, a group of buildings suited to their purpose, an ornament to the campus and to our city. During this time the School's scholastic attainments were developed until its high standards are unsurpassed by any like schools, largely through its able corps of instructors.

In all these years of accomplishments, Mrs. Florence Turney McKee, faithful wife of our President, whose life from early womanhood has centered in the School, has shared with him in all its responsibilities and interests and is ever an inspiration and wise counselor. Her mental and natural gifts have endeared her to her associates, and she is always a gracious hostess to the School guests. She is one of whom we can say "She hath done what she could" and it is much.

To President and Mrs. McKee we owe a debt of gratitude that can only be paid by those profiting by their instruction and example, who by their lives of usefulness and service make this world better, a preparation for that greater school with a perfect Master.

(Mrs.) Mary Finlayson Dunshee.

#### THE CZARINA'S SECRET

Peter the Third! What a scene of debauchery comes before our eyes as we think of this mad, weak czar, who ruled for six months in 1761! His beautiful empress, Catherine, was loved and revered, but Peter,—ah, even then treason was evident among his people.



It was late afternoon. Peter was being groomed for the great banquet to be held that night. He was childishly berating a servant for the poor adjustment of his wig when a noise caused him to turn. Behind him stood the beautiful Catherine in full uniform.

"What, not dressed? You are always making me late. I command you to attend court as you are," Peter cried pettishly.

Catherine sadly bowed her head and left the room. In the hall she encountered Count Philippe, her loyal servant.

"Your Majesty, all is ready! We meet tonight in Kavinsky's cellar. We—."

A gesture stopped him as he would have disclosed more, but all Catherine said was, "Philippe, I wish sometimes that you would remember that I am a woman."

Count Philippe bowed and left her.

A little later, Count Philippe stood with the court before the raised dias up which Peter sat. Beside him stood his beautiful fiancée, Olga Sevenoff. As Peter's eyes fell upon her face and figure, he was suddenly filled with a passion for her. He rose to take her hand and as he did this, a bugle sounded. All eyes turned to the top of the great stairway where a black velvet curtain swung slowly apart. It seemed as if a wave rippled over the company as all bent to acknowledge the empress. Catherine stood in the doorway and then moved majestically down the stairway, her full military cape sweeping behind her.

Peter stopped a moment non-plussed, then taking Mademoiselle Olga's hand led her nonchalantly away for a *tete-a-tete*. Catherine looked after them a moment, and then smiled bravely out over the court. Ah, Catherine, so well named Catherine the Great!

The evening waned and muffled footsteps sounded as dark figures slipped down a narrow stairway leading into Karinsky's cellar. Once there and emerged from their disguising capes, Peter would have been surprised to find most of the highest nobles of his court. Suddenly, there was a disturbance at the door, and Olga Sevenoff rushed into the room and into Philippe's arms.

"Philippe, he wants me to drive with him tomorrow night to the summer palace outside the city gates."

"Ah!" A murmur ran around the room. "Now we can capture the city. You must keep him occupied so that he will not reach the city and when the bells ring out, our Czarina will be on the throne of Russia."

The next night Olga Sevenoff was sitting chatting to Peter,—Peter the Foolish. She strained her ears from time to time but no sound echoed through the cool, crisp night.

Meanwhile, in the city, Catherine marched at the head of her army toward the palace. As they swung toward the great door, a round of five clattered into their midst. The Czar's body guard alone had remained faithful. In the confusion of placing Catherine in safety, a messenger was sent from the body guard to call the Czar back to the city. Out he rode into the black night and behind roared the cannons as Catherine and her army began storming the door.



Back at the summer palace, Olga heard the sound of a galloping horse. She must keep the Czar but how and at what price? Peter looking at her devouringly suddenly rose from his chair and seized her in his arms. Her lips, her lips! He must kiss those ruby lips. As he strove to bend her to him, he failed to hear the messenger enter the room.

"Your Majesty, Catherine is taking the city. You must return at once!"

Out into the night drove the frenzied Czar. The carriage swung from side to side and Peter cowered in terror. Once the carriage seemed about to swing over a precipice, but it righted and dashed on toward the city boundary.

"Stop!" The challenge rang out clear into the night. The bewildered driver stopped, and Peter cried out to the approaching guard, "Fool, I am the Czar! Drive—."

Just then there came through the stillness the sound of bells,—bells ringing out their joy. The guard drew himself to attention and saluted reverently saying, "There is no Czar. The Czarina Catherine II rules Russia!"

Dressed all in black, Catherine received her jubilant people. Upon her dark hair was a diamond crown and around her neck hung ropes of pearls. All Russia bowed to their beautiful Czarina. Last to be received was Count Philippe.

"Philippe, whatever you ask me, no matter what it is, I will grant it to you. I can never repay you. Do not be afraid to ask me what lies nearest your heart."

This proud empress stood waiting with a deep love shining unconcealed in her eyes. Ah, she would share her throne with him, Philippe.

"Your Majesty, I ask only that you grant permission for my marriage to Mademoiselle Olga Sevenoff."

The expectant smile faded from Catherine's lips and she swayed a little as she received this death blow; then drawing herself up proudly, she gave him permission.

Left alone, she watched him seek eagerly for Olga and then draw her into his arms to tell her the good news. Able to bear no more, Catherine turned and fell upon her knees. A long while she knelt there until clear upon the air a hundred bells rang out. Turning slowly, she rose to her feet. A new expression and light came into her eyes and proudly, majestically, she raised her head. She was Catherine II, Catherine the Great!

Anita Hurley, College '30.

#### BUDDY

The distant rumble of drums, the low murmur of marching feet, the roar of cannon; it all seemed so distant, like an echo. For three years it had sifted back and forth across Europe stirring every heart to the depths. At last it was upon us,—war in its most horrifying aspects. We were trapped. There was nothing for us to do but turn about now and face it.



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Its cold grip was felt in Carmen. Jack and his dog Buddy felt it. Jack tried to explain to Buddy as they stood waiting for the train why he was going away.

"Listen, Old Pal, I've got to go. Our country needs me. They need strong, courageous, young men like me to fight. Remember, I told you the other day Uncle Sam had declared war,—April sixth, to be exact? Now yesterday was the twenty-sixth and the first shot has been fired. I've got to hurry. There's the whistle now. 'Bye, be good, and take care of everything and everybody till I come back.'"

As the 3:10 train pulled out of the station on that rainy afternoon of April, 1917, there were many sad partings and the tears were almost as plentiful as the rain drops.

There was only one train coming in and going out every day and so the following afternoon at three o'clock Buddy came down the street toward the station.

"Well, where is Buddy going?" asked several. "The poor fellow will certainly be lonesome now.

But on to the station went Bud. He waited on the platform. The train whistled. He pricked up his ears. The train stopped but the one he came to meet was not there.

All during the winter he kept up his daily watch. Sometimes arriving a little early, he would pace up and down the platform but never once did his tail droop or his head hang down; he was fighting with his master for his country. His daily trips did far more for the town than the citizens liked to admit. Buddy's passing through the streets caused more than one Liberty Loan and War Saving Stamp to be bought. The old citizens were silently moved to buy and the children, who loved him, saved their pennies to help bring Buddy's Jack back to him. Anyone reading this may regard it as a myth but let them get acquainted with a dog as this town was acquainted with Buddy and one may understand how his actions could influence more people than an hour of oratory.

One day he came slowly down the street, his tail between his legs. He would walk a few steps and then howl, a few more steps and then another blood-curdling howl. Something had happened everyone knew.

The next day passed like all the rest. Finally, on November 11th, 1918, word came that it was over. The suspense was broken. Our boys would soon be back with us. The whole land rejoiced.

In a comparatively short time word was received that the Carmenite soldiers would be home on the 3:10 train. The day arrived. The whole town was at the station with Buddy in the center of the front row. The train whistled. The dog barked, the first bark that had escaped his lips since that April afternoon. The train pulled up and stopped. Men in khaki came bounding down the steps into open arms. They were not the same joyous lads. They had become more serious and sad. Some did not show the mark of war, others bore it heavily. At last borne on a stretcher, among several others of the same fate, came Jack, a victim of a gas attack. Buddy licked his master's hand, his tail wagging furiously. A skeleton hand covered with almost transparent white skin reached over



and patted him. The white lips formed a faint smile and finally said, "Hello, Old Pal!"

During the long days and nights of torment that followed Jack gave up the battle more than once. But always the presence of the childhood pal brought him back with double determination. As those wistful, hopeful anxious eyes peered over the side of the bed into his, the man within him rose and he would murmur,

"Old Pal, you're fighting for me, aren't you? Well, I'm not a coward either. I won't give up. We will win. I'll fight as I have never fought before! All because of you, Old Pal."

They did fight—and they won!

Dorothea Schreiner, *College '31*.

### THE LAND OF ROMANCE

The pinto trotted slowly along over the hot white sand, and around scraggly sage brush. Its rider sagged in the saddle, his hat pulled low over his eyes. Behind him lay civilization, beyond him—what? He did not know. The heat was almost unbearable, the smell of the sage too pungent, and as far as the eye could see were rolling plains, and far away sun-baked hills against a glaring blue sky.

A r-r-rattle, a prolonged hiss-s-s-s, and the pinto reared, snorting and terrified as the rider whipped out his gun. After two sharp reports a subdued length of yellow and black coiled and uncoiled beneath a bush.

The pinto jogged along again, jumping nervously as if in contemplation of another encounter, then stumbled. The rider dismounted and found a path of rock leading to distant hills. Slowly he followed the line of white stones, the pinto following uneasily. After several miles he found the end of the path of rocks. He was before a cliff curving in at the base and projecting out above his head. Weird animals were traced in vivid reds and heavy brown stains on the smooth protected part of the cliff. As the rider glanced around, he found himself standing in the center of what was once a council circle, made of white rocks.

"What a curio hunter would give to find this! I reckon I'll camp here for the night," he reflected aloud as he studied the paintings eagerly.

A cool breeze ushered in the evening, and changed the pungent smell of the sage to a suggestive odor of spices. In the distance skulking figures of coyotes slunk toward the water hole. The rider built his fire, and prepared his supper. By the time he had finished, it was dark. Angry yellow eyes blinked at him, then disappeared. The barking of coyotes, hunting their mates, sounded through the darkness.

The man slept. From above peered a brown smooth face, inscrutable in the firelight. But the lips moved.

"So it has come. My father's prayer grounds are desecrated by the ignoble feet of the white! Once all this was ours—now we find our lands only in the Happy Hunting Ground."

Silently the prostrate figure rose. The firelight made fantastic shadows against the cliff and threw the man's face into bold relief. Then the redskin turned and disappeared, a shadow of the night, at one with



the figures whose yellow eyes peered defiantly out of the darkness.

Laura Young, College '31.

### NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE!

April has come now, whimsical April—first laughing, then weeping, but always delightful. There is something in the fresh young charm of her that challenges all lovers of the great out-of-doors. To leave a stuffy house and dull people for the beauty of an open road or shady forest is ever a treat, but in April it is more so. Just to follow her, carefree, wherever she beckons, not knowing or caring whither the trail may lead!

It may be down a little fitful path straight to the heart of a wood. If it is here that you find yourself, you are very fortunate, for you are in the midst of Spring's most enchanting secrets. Happy wood creatures move shyly about, the trees murmur their promise of green leaves, brooks gurgle joyously in an attempt to proclaim how happy they are to be free from their winter's imprisonment of ice, the birds sing of their return and their hopes of new little ones, the very earth breathes audibly and whispers softly of gay flowers soon to appear. An intoxicating sweet fragrance suffuses the place.

We are glad because it is April. The winter is over! And nowhere are we more sure of it than in this little woodland dell where April has led us.

Marian Overaker, College '31.

### LOVE

Love is such an airy thing—  
Exactly like a bubble,  
Ecstatic, lovely joy to bring  
A misty spray of trouble.

Lillian O'Neill, College '30.

### IT'S APRIL

It's April and the ground is soft and wet;  
The evening sky not early black as jet.  
Old Sol's the first to bid us a good day,  
Awakening us with many a cheerful ray.  
There's something in the atmosphere right now  
That sets the world a-bloom; I don't know how  
The birds can tell when the north again to seek  
Or the flowers, the leaves, the grass know when to peep.  
This month we take a lease on life anew,  
O'erfilled with joy and mirth in all we do.

Janet McCurrach, Academy '30.

### A BREATH OF SPRING

I felt it right this morning  
For on my face it blew—  
The breath of spring at dawning  
Has come to us anew.

It rippled through the curtains  
And whisked across the room  
It's come to stay, I'm certain,  
Right from the frosty gloom.

The blue bells ring like carillons  
Announcing in the mass  
That earthly woes can't carry on  
For Spring's about to pass.

—Lillian O'Neill, College '30.

### EVERYTHING BEST

Nature is peace, happiness, rest,  
Nature is truly everything best.  
Roam through the woods some bright sunny day—  
If your soul is all troubled, you'll find a way  
To forget all the cares, the trouble, and strife  
That come to all people sometime in life.  
In the song of a bird or a babbling brook,  
In the quiet of some little fairy nook,  
You'll forget all your troubles, your cares, and the rest,  
For Nature is truly everything best!

Elaine Rabinoff, Academy '31.

### GRAPEFRUIT FOR BREAKFAST

"What if I did leave my books strewn all over the table, she didn't need to be so owlish about it," muttered the girl under her breath as she slammed the door and stamped down the stairs.

She wrapped her coat more securely about her and stepped out into the foggy air. It was just getting dark and lights shone dully through the fog.

"I hope no one sees me leaving campus alone. I surely have been lucky. Some one will probably see me now, though. Some one is always snooping around, watching us."

She finally reached the edge of the campus safely and started walking toward the east. It didn't make much difference which way she went. Just to be alone was all she wanted. What was it about this place that gave one such awful moods? Why, everything looked dark and dismal; there wasn't anything to look forward to.

"It's awfully cold, and I'm hungry, too. This dieting is terrible, but I've got to stick it out. Wonder what we'll have for dinner tonight—something tiresome, I suppose. And I have to study tonight, too. Oh, I'm getting tired of it. What if I'd flunk out, though? The folks would have a fit."

By this time the girl had gone several blocks. Looking up she noticed the street lights gleaming in the fog and thought, "This is like that poem,



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

*I see the lights of the village,  
Gleam through the rain and the mist;  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my heart cannot resist."*

She repeated the remainder of the poem aloud, saying the last few lines slowly,

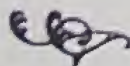
*"And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away."*

Just then a church bell rang. She stopped and listened. She stood for a minute; then, when everything was quiet again, turned her steps back toward the school, walking more rapidly than before.

"Oh, it isn't so cold after all," she thought, "and the room will be warm anyhow. I'll lie down and read that book a while—that'll be fun. I suppose Dad and Mother will read tonight, too. Oh, heck, this place isn't so bad! I'll be home with the folks pretty soon and then probably wish I were back here. Funny how home ties bind though, isn't it? I used to think I was hard boiled."

Finally our friend reached the campus. She opened the door of the building, went in and as she glanced into the dining-room, she thought, "And maybe we'll have grapefruit for breakfast!" Then she went running up the steps, humming to herself.

Marguerite Uhlenhopp, College '31.





On January 11, the first social event of the new year, a sleigh ride sponsored by the Athletic Association, took place. Afterwards refreshments were served in the gymnasium, and the girls enjoyed an evening of dancing.

### CONCERT

On January 14, 1930, Frances Shimer School had the privilege of attending a concert given by Boris Koutzen, the eminent Russian violinist and composer. Although Mr. Koutzen has been in America for comparatively few years, he has gained great popularity and praise for his unusual ability both as an artist and as a composer. The concert was one of the best given this year, and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Mr. Koutzen's program follows:

I			
Partita in E minor	-	-	Bach-Siloti
Prelude - Adagio ma non tanto	-	-	Allemande - Gigue
La Folia	-	-	Corelli-Kreisler
II			
Poeme	-	-	Chausson
III			
Legende	-	-	Koutzen
Adagio and Valse from "Raymonda"	-	-	Glazounow
Russian Dance	-	-	Tschaikowsky-Koutzen
IV			
Spanish Dance "Malaguena"	-	-	Sarasate
Chanson Espagnole	-	-	DeFalla-Kochanski
a) Asturienne			
b) Jota			
Introduction and Tarantella	-	-	Sarasate



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The film version of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline" starring Delores Del Rio, was shown for the faculty and student body of Shimer in Metcalf Hall, on January 18th. We all enjoyed seeing the action of the story we have always loved to read.

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club provided an evening brimful of delightfully light humor on the evening of January 25th. The spice of the program was probably the perfectly preposterous imitations of the theme of "Daphne and Appollo", by Audrey Huntley and Edna Salmen, and by Madge Helm as a devotee of Terpsichorean art. Betty Churchill, our rising young playwright, was the author of "Locked", a short drama of boarding school life, which was well acted by several members of the club. A variety of dances and songs, readings and impersonations, constituted this evening's entertaining program, spontaneous and hilarious in its effect.

## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

On the evening of January 27th, the Frances Shimer School had the pleasure of attending a lecture by Dr. A. E. Bestor, on "History in the Making". He emphasized especially the scientific and mechanical wonders of our age, illustrating by incident and story how such inventions as the radio, airplane, and telephone are decreasing distance, and uniting all parts of the world in closer fellowship. At the close he stressed the need of relying upon all the old-fashioned virtues if the best in our civilization is to remain stable in this modern world of change.

Dr. Bestor has been very active in the work of the Chautauqua. He is an entertaining speaker who has the gift of being able to hold his audience in rapt attention. We are very glad we had the opportunity to hear him.

## FACULTY NIGHT DANCE

Instead of putting on the usual "show", the faculty decided this year to give the students an informal dance, which took place in the gymnasium on the evening of February first. Simple refreshments were served. The evening was much enjoyed by everyone, and formed a pleasant conclusion to examination week.

## OPEN NIGHTS

The evenings of February eighth and fifteenth were open. The usual spreads and dinners were enjoyed by the girls. A great many attended the theatre in town.

## THY NOSE, OH CYRANO!

The performance of Professor B. G. Nelson, of Chicago University, on Friday evening, February twenty-first, was of decided interest to the students. Having read *Cyrano de Bergerac* either in French or in English, most of us were pleased to have such a new and engrossing interpretation of the play. The humor was brought out very subtly. Professor Nelson's ability lies in his perfect stage presence and in his sympathetic interpretations of character, making, therefore, a performance altogether unique and effective.



### SENIOR PROM

Taking matters into their clever hands, the Seniors enjoyably surprised us, on the evening of February 22, by giving a Night Club Prom. The gymnasium was decorated in the most original manner with a low ceiling of suspended balloons in green, silver and lavender. The walls were lined with green-topped tables and chairs, simulating a cabaret.

The "Alaskans" provided the best of music for the dancing. The specialty, a Topsy and Eva act, was given during the intermission by Edwina Pasmore and Ethel Lubowich. After this, refreshments were served by the class to the colorfully gowned guests and their escorts, and dancing continued until nine-thirty. Both faculty and students were grateful for the novel and pleasant evening.

### OSCAR ZIEGLER

A program exclusively of the old masters was presented by Oscar Ziegler, internationally famous pianist, in the Chapel on the evening of February twenty-seventh. The admirable interpretation with which he rendered the classic works of such masters as Bach and Beethoven showed his technical ability and power of creating atmosphere.

### AS YOU LIKE IT

If William Shakespeare could have been present in the Frances Shimer gymnasium on the evening of March eighth, he would have enjoyed an unusually artistic and interesting presentation of his comedy AS YOU LIKE IT. An impressionistic rather than realistic effect was achieved in the stage setting. Simple benches, a few logs, and a tree painted against the background, were the only means used to create the Forest of Arden. The costumes were of unusual interest because they were made by the class under the direction of Miss Fortna, Head of the Home Economics Department. They were not only true to the period represented, but artistic in color and design. Credit should also be given to Miss Bawden of the Art Department and Miss Janet McCurrach for the successful painting of the background for the forests scenes.

All of the characters were well portrayed. Geraldine Mitchell was a charming and winsome Rosalind. Dorothy Yokom gave a spirited interpretation of Orlando. Thyria Hughart, as Touchstone, kept the audience in good humor by her clever reading of the Jester's lines. Dorothy Lloyd did credit to the difficult role of Jacques. Mention should be made also of Anita Hurley's success in the part of Duke Senior.

The singing of the various songs by the foresters was a charming feature of the evening. Miss Wallace of the Music Department prepared the cast for the Elizabethan songs in the forest scenes. A great deal of credit belongs to Miss Parker for her careful work from the first cutting of the text to the last rehearsal. The lighting effects, selecting of plates for the costumes, and all the detail of drill and preparation came as part of her five weeks of tireless supervision. The cast of the characters and the names of the production staff are as follows:

Orlando	Dorothy Yokom
Adam	Julia Spickler



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Oliver	Marguerite Uhlenhopp
Dennis	Helene Thurston
Charles	Constance Bassett
Rosalind	Geraldine Mitchell
Celia	Evelyn Eastman
Touchstone	Thyria Hughart
Le Beau	Madelyn Helm
Duke Frederick	Brenda Wild
Lords	Dorothy Oliver, Caroline Swannell
Duke Senior	Anita Hurley
Foresters	
Aileen Neely, Dorothy Oliver, Caroline Swannell, Helen Swenson	
Corin	Audrey Huntley
Jacques	Dorothy Lloyd
Audrey	Marie Campbell
Sir Oliver Martext	} Madelyn Helm
Jacques de Bois	
Production Staff—	
Director	Eleanor Parker
Stage Manager	Betty Churchill
Costume Manager	Helene Thurston
Artist	Janet McCurrach
Business Manager	Delight Tims
Make-up Committee	Jacqueline Larson, Gretchen Conzelman
Prompter	Helen Giddings

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Although Miss Julia Hamilton's visit to us was delayed she was able to come to Shimer on Monday, February the tenth. She gave a very pleasing and informal talk at House Meeting Monday morning and then held individual conferences with the members of the cabinet, disclosing many new and interesting ideas which we intend to work out after Spring vacation. Miss Lee and Miss Fortna were hostesses at a very charming luncheon for Miss Hamilton Monday noon in College Hall; the members of the cabinet were also there.

On Sunday evening Lillian O'Neill entertained the members of the Cabinet and their sponsors at tea in College Hall. Immediately following, the Y. W. C. A. had charge of the vesper service that evening.

The Y. W. C. A. is selling candy every day except during study hours in order to increase the contents of the treasury which, due to numerous pledges to be made to various works, seems to be generally on the decline. Your cooperation is asked in paying up your pledge to any member of the Cabinet as soon as possible.

## STUDENT RECITAL

The student recital was presented on Saturday evening, March 22. The recital was given under the auspices of the Department of Music and the music students presented piano, violin, and vocal numbers for our



enjoyment in a pleasing manner, which reflects much credit upon the work of their instructors.

The program was as follows:

Irish Lullaby	- - - - -	Caven-Barron
	<i>Mildred Stadel</i>	
Lento from "Two Pierrot Pieces"	- - - - -	Cyril Scott
	<i>Eleanore Seefeldt</i>	
Jugglery	- - - - -	Chaminade
	<i>Barbara Haeger</i>	
Romance	- - - - -	La Forge
	<i>Ella Mae Smith</i>	
Air and Variations	- - - - -	Pacini-Dancla
	<i>Helen Giddings</i>	
Prelude Op. 28, No. 15	- - - - -	Chopin
Le Coucou	- - - - -	Daquin
	<i>Hester MacKechnie</i>	
Valcik	- - - - -	Mokrejs
	<i>Avis Waddell</i>	
Three Preludes Op. 28 C Major, F Sharp Major, B Flat Major	- - - - -	Chopin
	<i>Vada Grisso</i>	
Impromptu in E Flat Minor	- - - - -	Reinhold
	<i>Olive Hawbecker</i>	
Wings of Night	- - - - -	Wintter Watts
Trees	- - - - -	Rasbach
The Hills of Home	- - - - -	Oscar J. Fox
	<i>Dorothy Oliver</i>	
Du bist die Ruh	- - - - -	Schubert-Liszt
	<i>Roberta Leland</i>	
Rhapsody in G Minor	- - - - -	Brahms
	<i>Caroline Swannell</i>	

#### THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION TEA

On Monday afternoon, March 17, the Alumnae Association entertained the Faculty and the two graduating classes at a tea in College Hall. The central feature of interest during the afternoon was the silver tea service which graced the table in the dining room. Mrs. Elizabeth Barber Hostetter, who was a teacher in the Seminary under Mrs. Shimer and who has since for many years been a member of the Board of Trustees, told the story of the tea service.

In 1878, on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the School, it seemed fitting to some of Mrs. Shimer's old students to remember the occasion by some gift to the founder, a silver gift, of course, as this was the silver anniversary. A committee undertook the task of canvassing to collect money, and the willing responses showed the esteem in which Mrs. Shimer was held by all who knew her. Mrs. Mamie Hostetter Greenleaf went to Chicago and selected the service, and on its arrival it was unpacked and displayed in Miss Joy's office. Those interested came to



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look at it, and they appeared so serious that Mrs. Greenleaf said, "You act as if you were at a funeral."

When Mrs. Shimer gave up the charge of the School, she took the service with her to DeLand. On Mrs. Shimer's death Mrs. Hazzen received it, and on Mrs. Hazzen's death her niece, Mrs. Foss, returned it to the School where it was received just fifty years after it had been originally presented to Mrs. Shimer.

The committee in charge of the tea were the officers: Mrs. Ione Bickelhaupt Francke, Mrs. Wiler, and Miss Beth Hostetter. The program was in charge of Miss Edna Smith. There were about a hundred present.

## FIRST SEMESTER HONOR ROLLS

### FIRST HONOR ROLL

(B+ or above in each single subject.)	First semester, 1929-30.
June Briggs	Geraldine Mitchell
Ruth Allanson	Mary Palmer
Mary Coleman	Dorothy Randall
Madeline Ellis	June Reed
Ruth Frankenstein	Grace Reynolds
Audrey Huntley	Margaret Ryder
Anita Hurley	Miriam Slight
Myra Joffe	Caroline Swannell
Helen Kearnaghan	Mary Traer
Jean McEwen	Brenda Wild

### SECOND HONOR ROLL

(Average of B+ or above in all subjects.)	First semester, 1929-30.
Margaret Allen	Hester McKecknie
Lita Dickerson	Dorothy Oliver
Eva Doris Doty	Adeline Salmon
Eveyn Eastman	Eleanore Seefeldt
Elizabeth Edwards	Rebecca Murdock
Helen Sleight	Julia Spickler
Dorothy Harrison	Mary K. Strauch
Helen Hults	Virginia Sword
Marion Janotta	Helen Thurston
Roberta Leland	Helen Swenson
Janet McCurrach	Mary Regina Burt
Mildred McKee	

## VESPERS

January 12—Dr. U. McGuire, editor of "The Baptist", presented some aspects of modern thought in regard to religion. Dealing particularly with the humanistic movement, he proved the inadequacy of this aspect of modern thinking to meet the deeper needs of people and in closing made a strong plea for the fundamental truths of the Christian religion.

January 19—Tonight Miss Parker read to us for our Sunday night Vesper Service. With a program varied enough to hold interest, Miss Parker captivated her audience and held each one of us entranced until



her exit from the stage. Half the joy of appreciation of these poems lies in their interpretations, which in this case was decidedly forceful.

January 26—This Sunday evening Miss Baker talked to us about the future. She suggested that we might take "The Wings of the Morning" and fly into the universe of the future and then come back to the present time. She indicated the rapid movements ahead which the world has taken during the past twenty years. Miss Baker declared that the unbelief of today should eventually give way to a stronger belief than ever before because of scientific knowledge. She urged the girls to read the life of Christ in the four gospels in order that they might know the true source of the Christian faith before choosing any new form of modern thought.

Februaury 3—On the first Sunday evening of the new semester President McKee gave an inspiring address on the subject of "Doing Our Best". He reminded us of the opportunities for the development of character and the acquiring of knowledge which are available to a young person in such a school as Frances Shimer. He stated that not all the students take full advantage of these opportunities. In concluding he emphasized the need of putting forth the best effort of which we are capable for only by so doing may we reap the full benefit of our educational privileges.

February 16—Tonight Miss Wallace sang for us. We always look forward with pleasure to occasions when we know Miss Wallace will sing, and it is with immense gratification we approach her Vesper Service. We enjoyed especially the selection from "Madame Butterfly" and were delighted to have her sing for us "Moon Marketing", a request number.

February 23—This evening Miss Lee talked to us at Vespers. We sang a number of hymns at the beginning of the service after which Miss Lee talked to us about how to succeed. She stressed the importance of correct manners, courtesy, and perfect self control in the life of a successful young business woman.

March 2—Tonight we had the pleasure of having Winifred Bivin's father, Dr. Bivin, talk to us. The girls listened with interest to what Dr. Bivin, who is a prominent psychiatrist in Chicago, had to say to them. Dr. Bivin stressed the necessity of molding our lives perfectly and looking at the beautiful during this the formative period of our lives. At the close of his talk Dr. Bivin passed out slips on which we could write questions we wished to hear him discuss. We appreciated having the opportunity to hear Dr. Bivin and we thank him for so kindly answering our questions.

March 9—With a campus such as we have at Shimer, affording such excellent opportunities for the study of nature, and a surrounding territory packed with a wealth of material capable of inciting a desire to know nature, Spring holds a magic wand which if used efficiently and intelligently by Frances Shimer students will make them inhabitants of a veritable fairy land. Miss Peters in her Vespers tonight gave us a speaking acquaintance with some of the little feathered creatures which live



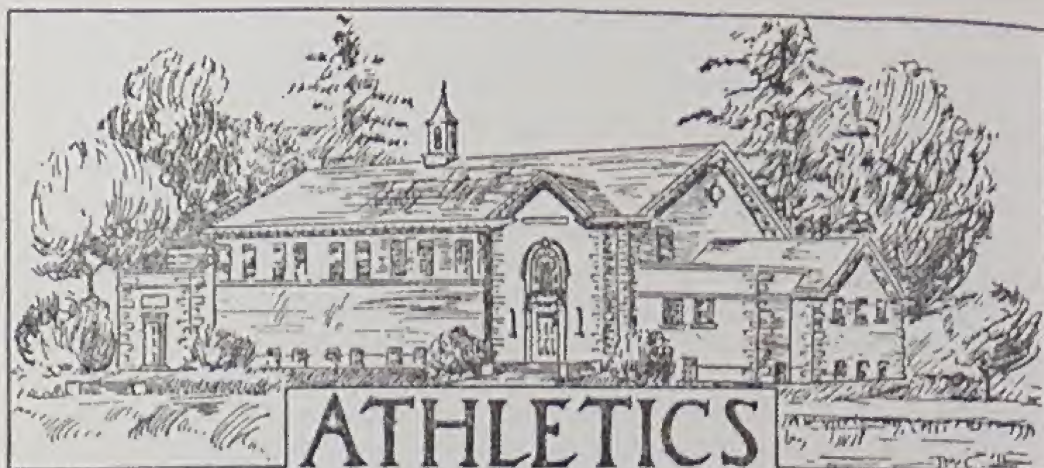
on our campus and cheer us with their happy songs. Miss Peters told us of the birds that stay with us through the long winter months, those that appear early in the Spring, and those that spend only the vacation months on our campus. After hearing Miss Peters' interesting talk, we are aroused to a keener interest in the life about us and it is with pleasure we anticipate long walks in the woods this spring gaining inspiration and appreciation for the world about us from our little feathered friends.

March 16—Travel! That word calls to mind a thousand different images in a single second. Tonight Miss Hinken talked to us of a very interesting journey which a friend of hers took through Cambodia to the city of Angkor Vat, once the center of the ancient Khmer civilization. The city is famous for the magnificent ruins of its temples and palaces. Every detail of the delightful description which she gave us was interesting in giving us a clear picture of the habits, customs, and architectural developments of that lost civilization. The ruins are now overgrown and surrounded by dense forests. The natives who live near these ruins seem almost as remote to us as does that ancient civilization. Miss Hinken through her very clear portrayal and the little personal elements which she brought in held the undivided attention of her audience.

March 23—Tonight in honor of the 2000th birthday of Virgil we went back through the pages of history to the old Roman civilization. Miss Hostetter through slides and readings showed us Roman customs, amusements, and architecture as found during the time of Virgil, Rome's greatest epic poet. We also renewed our acquaintance with the great gods whom the Romans worshipped. It is very interesting and beneficial to be able to study other great civilizations, their achievements and failures, for it is from them we can guide to advantage our own destiny.







A sleigh ride party was given by the Athletic Association on the eleventh of January. A jumble of bright colored scarfs, sweaters, and berets could be seen over the sides of the hay racks. The night was perfect, "all silence and all glisten". Everyone sang, ran in the white drifts from time to time, and worked up an appetite worthy of the buns and weenies given out at the gymnasium on returning. All agreed that it was a thoroughly satisfactory evening.

The swimming meet took place on March 1. The contesting was between Academy and College. The crawl, breast, side and back strokes were made first for form and then for speed. Caryl Wilkes won in retrieving, bringing up all the objects thrown into the water. Tirzah Price kept her old record by swimming two lengths of the pool under water. There were various exhibitions of diving, as front, back, swan, jack knife, flip, and hand-stand dives. The specials were the inner-tube, the train, the egg, and the relay races. Ann Avery won the inner-tube race; Avery and Lucas and Hess and Mitchell tied for first place in the train race; Marquardt came in ahead in the egg race. The members of the relay teams were the following:

COLLEGE  
 Roberta Leland  
 Virginia Hess  
 Donna Klewer  
 Caryl Wilkes

ACADEMY  
 Margaret Jones  
 Elizabeth Hull  
 Audrey Huntley  
 Elaine Rabinoff

College won the feat making the final score of the entire meet 67-64 in its favor.

In the house meeting of March 10, nominations for May Queen were made and numerals were awarded by Roberta Leland. The following girls received letters:



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## SMALL LETTERS

Amlong  
Campbell  
Claussen  
Hollebosch  
Kramer  
Kirkpatrick  
Manning  
Murton  
O'Boyle  
Pasmore  
Swazey  
Tims  
Van Buskirk  
Wilbern  
Wild  
Williams, D.  
McCurrach  
Price

## LARGE LETTERS

Murdock  
Van Buskirk  
Waddell  
Amlong  
Keizer  
Tims  
Price

## HIGH HONORS

Browning  
Rabinoff  
Best  
Leland

## LAURELS

Hess

The basketball tournament, extending over three days, began on March 11. Six games were played — two each day. Miss Jaynes, Miss Scanlon, and Mr. Walker were the officials. The results of the games were as follows:

March 11—

Sophomores—9  
Freshmen—11

Seniors—7

Underclassmen—11

March 12—

Freshmen—16  
Seniors—4

Sophomores—25

Underclassmen—12

March 13—

Sophomores—22  
Seniors—9

Freshmen—17

Underclassmen—12

The big game between Academy and College was played in the gymnasium on March 15. The members of the two teams were the best players picked from Academy and College. Both teams, greatly cheered by their classmen, played a hard and fast game. College was victor making a score of 14 to Academy's 10.

The basketball banquet was given the evening of the twenty-second at the Glenview Hotel. Rebecca Murdock was toast-mistress. Speeches were made by the captains of the four teams, Tirzah Price, Katherine Green, Bertha Olson, and Jeanne Taylor and by Miss Thoreen.

All the sports and activities of the Athletic Association have been more enjoyable and more satisfactory this winter due to the spaciousness of the new gym, with its excellent equipment.

## THE SCATTERED FAMILY

Friends at the school learned with regret of the death of Mrs. Emma Piper Keiter '71, at her home in Grundy Center, Iowa, on January 2, 1930. Mrs. Keiter's last visit to the school was in 1921 when she returned with members of her class to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation.

Lucy Dell Henry '16 is a bacteriologist in the Laboratories of the University Hospital at Ann Arbor, Michigan. She plans to enter Rush Medical School in September to complete her work for the M. D. degree.

Josephine Barnes '27 is at the University of Arizona completing the course in Business Administration.

Judith Williams '26 is an X-Ray technician at the University of Illinois Dental College, Chicago.

Dorothy Mershon '27 is teaching History in the High School at Fairdale, Illinois.

Mildred Mull '29 has a secretarial position in Kansas City, Missouri. She writes, "I think of Frances Shimer very often and am constantly thankful for the training I received there."

Marjorie Graham '20 is teaching in one of the high schools of Chicago.

Dr. Ruby Worner '12 is in the Textile Section of the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C.

Anna Lee Garrett '27 was graduated from Iowa State College at Ames last June and is now teaching Domestic Science in the High School at Leaf River, Illinois.

June Overmeyer '27 is a senior at the University of Iowa this year.

Mildred Shearer, '25-'26, is teaching kindergarten in Davenport, Iowa.

Margaret Wilder Trudeau '26 sends a picture of her small daughter, Adrienne, as a future Frances Shimer prospect, from her home "Glen-rulac" in Rifle, Colorado.

Annabelle Kirkpatrick '27 has a position with the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company of Chicago. Elizabeth is teaching at home in Nichols, Iowa.

Catherine Haskell, '23-'24, is teaching science in the Mendota High School.

Ruth Birdsall '22 is instructor in Journalism in the Clinton, Iowa, high school and Faculty sponsor for "The Clintonian", the school paper.

Ruth King '22 is in New York serving as Publicity Manager for a chain of restaurants.

Mary Frances Graham, '25-'26, was graduated from the University School of Music, Lincoln, Nebraska, last June with a major in Voice. This year she is supervisor of music in the public schools at Valparaiso, Nebraska, and taking a post-graduate course in Voice. She was for three



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years a member of the Lincoln A Cappella Choir, and a member of Madame Schumann-Heinck's Master Class in Kansas City during the summer of 1928.

Mariam Flint Crocker '15 writes in behalf of a young cousin who is interested in entering Frances Shimer. Mrs. Crocker is the proud mother of a "six-year-old school boy and a dear eighteen-months-old baby girl."

Minne Bear, '13-'14, is a successful teacher of music and a church organist in Stockton, California.

Dorothea Von Oven '23 sends greetings from the Balearic Islands where she has spent the winter in quaint and interesting surroundings in a balmy climate.

Mona Larson '29 and Joan Taggart, '28-'29, visited the school in February. Mona is attending the National Kindergaren College in Evanston, and Joan is spending the year at home.

Marjorie Thompson Bragg '23 became Assistant Director Lincoln Center in Chicago on March 1. On that date her husband, Rev. Raymond B. Bragg, assumed his duties as Secretary for the Western Unitarian Conference.

Virginia Smith '25 has a secretarial position with a law firm in Chicago. She writes, "To every one's surprise and to my own great astonishment, I am still holding a real job, and much interested in the vagaries of old men drawing their wills, and the endless complications of million dollar agreements and contracts. At times I think that I am a suppressed corporation lawyer!"

Faith Reichelt '21 spent the winter in California.

Mary Dunn Priestman '26 is living in Pensacola, Florida, where her husband is an aviator in the U. S. government service.

Mildred Yager '28 is teaching at her home in Prophetstown, Illinois.

Lohma Boyle, '27-'28, is a senior at the University of Washington, majoring in nursing. Following her graduation she will enter a hospital in Santa Barbara, California, for additional training.

Ethel Ank Doty '14 lives on a fruit ranch in Cashmere, Washington, where her husband is state fruit inspector for the Interstate Fruit Company of Cashmere.

After a visit in America last summer Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Hinchliffe, (Katherine Marshall '17) returned to Paris where they spent the winter. In March they went to Berlin and later in the spring will proceed to Moscow.

Volume I, No. 1 of the Babyville News, Iowa City, Iowa, announces the debut of Elizabeth Wheeler Dean, on February 18, 1930. The doctor pronounced her "a perfect youngster" and her proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Dean (Ruthe Wheeler, '23-'24) agree with the verdict.

Marian Tallman '28 is teaching in a rural school near Lanark.

Margaret Munger '29, who is a student at Northwestern University School of Music, was among those chosen for the chorus of the 1930 North Shore Music Festival.

Julia Benson '24 is teaching General Science in the Freeport Junior High School.



Phyllis Marschall '24 will complete her work at the Yale School of Fine Arts in June. "And So", a one-act play written by Miss Marschall, was recently chosen for production at the University Theater. Following her graduation from Emerson College, Miss Marschall taught English at Farmington Seminary.

Frances Peterson '20 teaches history in the Lancaster, Wisconsin, high school.

Bernita Adams '28 is teaching seventh grade in the public schools of Mount Carroll.

Maxine Smith '23 is teaching in the Roosevelt Junior High School at Rockford. She will spend the summer traveling in Europe.

Isabel Erzinger '26 is teaching in the high school at Ashkum, Illinois, and Helen Kay teaches in the grade schools there.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Wiese (Ruth Hastings '15) announce the arrival of Ellen Phoebe Wiese at their home in Springfield, Massachusetts, on January 22, 1930.

Captain and Mrs. Porter Wiggins (Doris Leach '15) after a residence of some years in Porto Rico, are now living in Minneapolis where Captain Wiggins has charge of Military Training in the University of Minnesota. Porter, Jr., aged seven, has reached second grade with nonchalance and poor grades!

Myra Willsey Smith '24 is living in Lancaster, Penn., where her husband is connected with the Armstrong Cork Company.

Lowellyn Rogers Shackelton '03 is the author of a book of charming poems, "Sand Pictures", with characteristic illustrations from pencil sketches by David Swing. Mrs. Shackelton lives in Phoenix, Ariz.

Eva Roberts '09 is doing Americanization work for the city schools of Los Angeles. She writes, "I see Mary Joslin frequently and also Laura Walz Stock who with her husband has been travelling for several months.

Celestine Dahmen Elliott has charge of the Art Department of a large store in Los Angeles.

Mildred Davis '29, Marjorie Phillips '29, Miranda Ramsey Legal '27, Dorothy Metz '27, Erma Dambman '29, Lucille Smith '27, Hazel Bashaw Buckner '26, are all teaching in rural schools in Carroll County.

#### BIRTHS

To Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Leonard (Lois Waite '16) a son, Willard Waite Leonard, January 3, 1930, Fairbury, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hinebaugh (Fern Rogers) a daughter, Ramona Joyce, on January 5, 1930, Mount Carroll, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Porter I. Colvig (Carol Ritchie, '26-'27,) a son, Bruce Hotchkiss, January 16, 1930, at Lake City, Iowa.

To Mr. and Mrs. Merle E. Smith (Myra Willsey '24) a daughter, Martha Willsey on January 7, 1930, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

#### MARRIAGES

Maxine Burtis, ex-Faculty, to Mr. Edward Smaage, on December 25, 1929, Chicago.

Elizabeth Carpenter Wiswell '23 to Dr. George Francis Shissler, on



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November 15, 1929, at Chicago.

Lillian Howard to Mr. Chris Tofft on February 16, 1930, in Chicago.  
At home 353 East 73rd Street, Chicago.

Leona Dresser, '23-'24, to Mr. George E. Matych on February 20, 1930, at Big Rapids, Michigan.

Madeline Arnold, '27-'28, to Mr. Franke Geske on October 6, 1929, at Chinook, Montana. At home 509 Third Avenue, Havre, Montana.

### EXCHANGES

*The Phareta* from Wilson College attracts our attention by a striking cover, red and black. The red gives it a look of gaiety and life while the printing has an air of dignity—an unusual combination yet an irresistible one.

The poetry submitted by Wilson students varies greatly in type. "Smoke" by Eilene Miller '33, has a deep thought running through it—the evolution of smoke through the ages, but it is covered up by pretty words and catchy expressions, a play on the emotions of poetry lovers.

"Our Amah" by Beatrice Scott '33, has an abruptness that startles us; it is full of active description, however, that puts a vivid picture of "Our Amah" in our minds, followed by a conclusion we have already reached and can experience with her.

To Louise Rappold '33, for her poem "To a Modern Young Lady" we give the greatest credit. Somehow we are tired of poetry that leaves us in the air; we are weary of pretty frivolous words that seem to run into each other and make an impressionless misty haze, in our minds. This, however, has an air of Dorothy Parker about it, an air of realization and a conclusion that leaves us with a definite thought; we submit:

#### TO A MODERN YOUNG LADY

You disregard my every wish and will,  
You flaunt your rights before my very eyes,  
You mock me and you say that you are wise,  
That you of gay good times will have your fill;  
And when your poor old father gets the bill  
For clothes and shoes, he shows a dumb surprise,  
And asks me what on earth the youngster buys,  
And threatens violent punishment, until  
I to your rescue come, and gently say  
That you are young, and being young but once,  
Must have your fling. And then your dad will say  
That you are just a foolish little dunce.  
At last I throw my arms around his neck,—  
He sighs, he groans, and signs the little check!

The "Gargoyle", University of Chicago High School, opens a very interesting edition of their magazine with an article on poetry by Helen Lacey. We submit a few lines that she records—author and title unknown

Before I really understood  
How cruel talk could be,  
I thought that words were singing things

With colors like the sea.  
But since I've felt their caustic lash  
And know how they can sting,  
I hold my breath when they go by  
For fear they will not sing.

Lucille Montgomery writes of a "Tragedy in Quebec", and although her wording is exceedingly simple, it is brief and to the point—typically high school in style but journalistic in its appeal to the average reader.

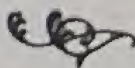
Ruth Moulton writes in metaphor on "Lights"; it is fascinating—direct, and vivid it does not generalize but cuts with curt onomatopoeic expressions and enlivens our imagination.

"A Twisted Ankle" by Helen Randall brings up the old old story of the injured football player carrying thru for the old Alma Mater, displaying a lot of showy school spirit; but, however, surprising us with a new manner of conclusion and putting the courageous, martyred hero in the background while his parents mourn and his fumbling enemy emerges victorious.

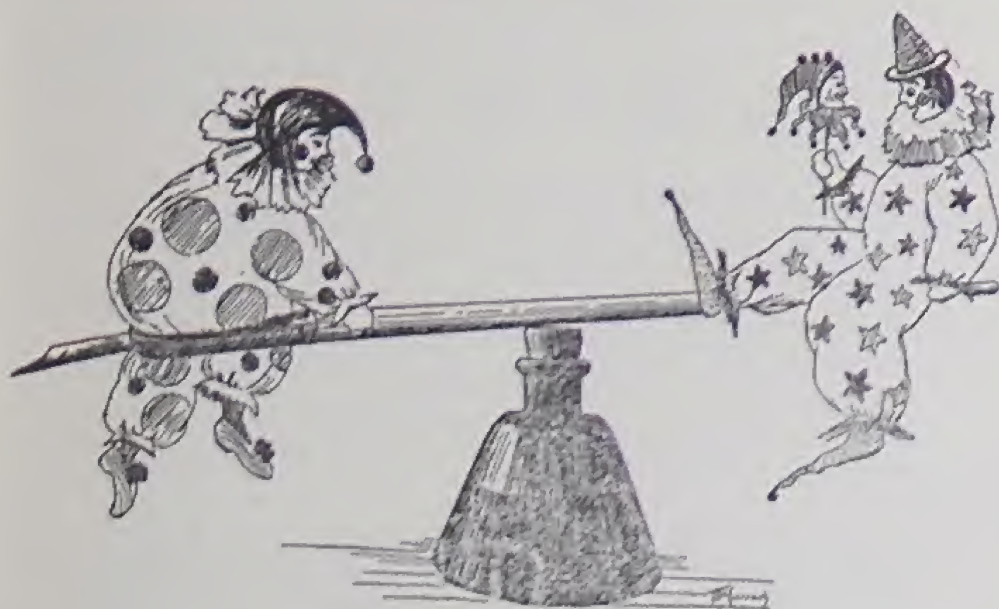
The make up of the *Sun Dial* from the College for Women at Western Reserve University is purely journalistic and well planned down to the advertisements. The make up rather outshines the literary quality of the short stories and poetry.

Helen Buchman writes with an apparently indefinite aim; it is pretty, but too light to leave any lasting impression. We submit "Unmasked.":

The flame of your mind works endlessly  
Under a mask of soft blue eyes and curving lips;  
Yet I have seen, beneath the glare of all your thoughts.  
I wonder at your soft laughter.







### THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

In the busy railroad center of Calculus, a point where many lines meet and diverge, lived Theta. Theta was a beautiful girl; her continuous curves were proportionately balanced. Her hazel eyes were set in ellipses; her mouth formed a straight line and an upturned nose made an obtuse angle with the plane of her face. With all these positive qualities Theta's mental capacity was negative. She was happily married to the angular Minimum but the eyes of the envious Maximum were constantly focused upon her. Theta's love diverged from the straight; she changed signs with Max in the park.

One day Max and Theta made plans to meet at the round house and go off on a tangent. Theta hurriedly collected terms and started off from her paternal sphere. Having lost the denominator she was forced to retrace her steps. She was soon off again to the round house where Max was impatiently waiting. They hurried to the edge of the town and strolled up the parallel lines arm in arm. They were off for infinity and polar extremities.

At noon the pair stopped at the Barbecue where Max ate Pascal's lima beans and Theta had a double order of "pi". After this respite they sat down in the woods on a cord of logs for a rest. Just then, Minimum came along and intersected, forming the eternal triangle. Maximum and Minimum exchanged zero glances; Minimum's right leg advanced; he gave Max a black circle in the area of the eye. The sum total of Minimum's blows were greater than that of Maximum's. Max was left lying in a horizontal position on the ground.

Theta and Minimum coincided again and lived simultaneously forever.

Helen Hults, College '30.



# CONTROVERSY

A long and very sophisticated gown on a model looked sneeringly at a poor saucy little short frock, which hung upon a rack marked "For IMMEDIATE CLEARANCE!" She smirked in self satisfaction as she spoke.

"How does it feel, my dear, to be old fashioned?"

"I'm not old fashioned!" retorted the outcast spunkily. She was rather stubborn about going out of style.

"Really, child, I should think you'd realize by now that nobody wants you. Your much too naive."

"I'm not! I'm lots more fun than you."

"But it's not sportiness now. It's grace that counts. I am graceful and flowing. I don't stop suddenly at the knees. I am elegance incarnate.

Just then a saleslady and a customer approached.

"I'll tell you what!" cried the short dress not willing to give up at all, "we'll both be just as charming as we can and see who this lady buys."

"Agreed!" replied the worldly one.

"Here, Madame, is a wonderful bargain. Such a sweet little creation," said the salesperson picking up the brief one who perkily stuck out her tongue at her rival.

"Yes, it is a bargain."

"You see it can be lengthened to be more fashionable. It would be very stunning as a long dress."

"Or course, that's why I thought I'd take it."

The poor betrayed little dress, its spirit broken, slipped from its hanger very quietly and fell in a crumpled little heap of defeat.

Madeline Ellis, Academy '30.

# MY OWN ORIGINALITY

Last night in my sleep I dreamed a strange dream;  
I lived in a palace of brass,  
'Twas fastened together with paraffine,  
And I slept in a bed of glass.

My bed clothes were made of vegetable soup;  
My pillow was stuffed with malt;  
I sat on a chair like a chicken coop,  
And feasted on sugar and salt.

I wore a dress of bright tin foil—  
It was buttered to perfection.  
And in a leather looking glass  
I gazed at my reflection.

June Reed, College '31.



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Sawyer House

The Gymnasium

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## CLOWNS

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*Dry Goods    Shoes*

## The HANSEN DRY GOODS CO.

MT. CARROLL, ILL.

*Humming Bird Silk Hose  
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*Plus Everything!*

Plus Pars step out on the Highways  
and Broadways of the Clothes World  
*—with sureness of style!*

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### "Make Friends That Last"

Our smart displays are ready for your critical inspection. You will see many lovely things that will take your fancy. See our treasureland of

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MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS

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The buildings are twelve in number, solidly constructed of brick and stone. They were designed strictly for school purposes, and have modern conveniences and appointments. The location, 127 miles west of Chicago, is very picturesque and is noted for its healthfulness. The grounds, consisting of twenty-six acres, are very attractive and are beautified by well-kept lawns and noble trees, many planted over a half century ago. Nine-hole golf course, tennis and hockey; all athletic work under the direction of a competent instructor. School Hospital. New Library, new Gymnasium and swimming pool. Rate \$660.00.

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